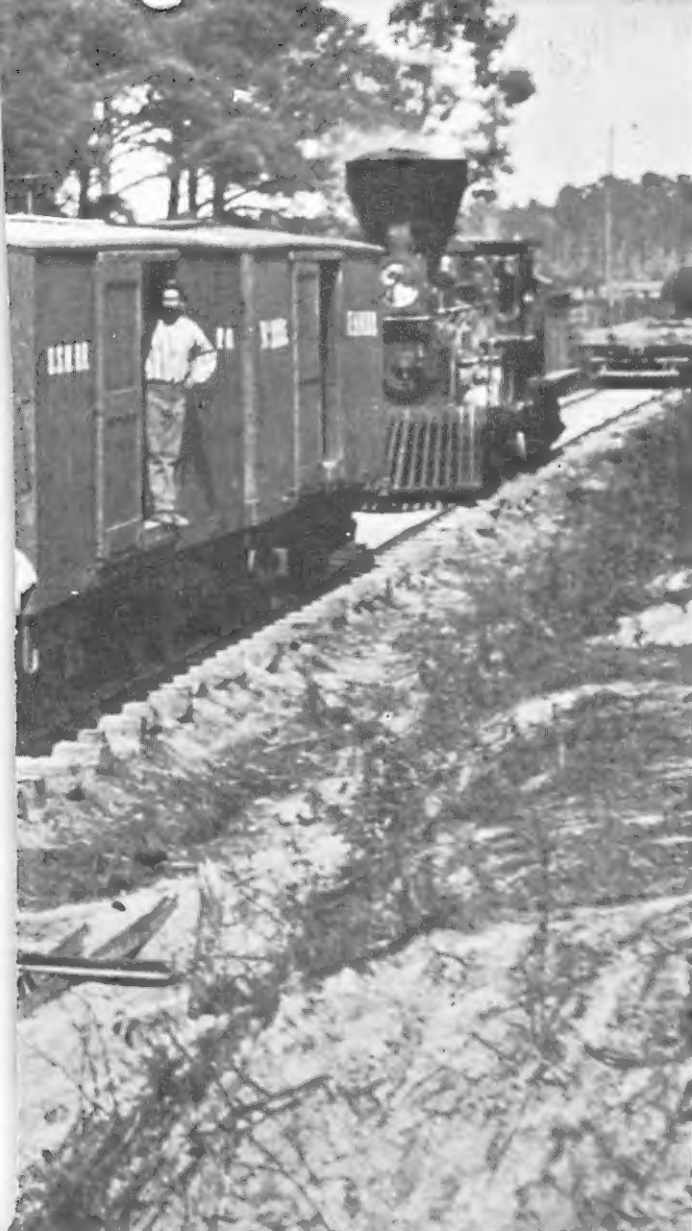


A MORTAR ON TRACKS, the 17,000-pound weapon called "Dictator" squats on its flatcar. When it first fired its 14-pound charge, the resulting shock buckled the undercarriage, which had to be rebuilt.



CANNON ON A FERRY, two guns plus a score of men cross a river aboard a canvas boat designed by the Union's engineers. In 1864 similar boats greatly helped General Sherman's advance on Atlanta.



ENGINEER ON A RAFT, Brigadier General Herman Haupt tests a portable boat designed for scouts. Lincoln called one bridge Haupt designed "the most remarkable structure" he ever saw.

Radical changes in transport caught by the camera

THE camera, itself an innovation in war, recorded many another technological development at an early stage in its growth. Advances in transport, in particular, revolutionized the science of war. Whole armies and mountains of supplies were whisked across country by train; there were men who called Union transportation chief Herman Haupt a genius for his railroad exploits. The tracks also made possible the first railroad guns. Where rail and road transport were difficult, notably in the river-riddled lowlands of the South, Union troops often traveled with their own prefabricated bridges. And the bulky black box of the photographer captured it all.



A BRIDGE ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK easily accommodates a long supply train. The pontoons that supported such bridges were square-ended wooden or canvas boats 20 to 30 feet long;

they could be moved overland to an opportune bridge site on carriages. The floats were lashed together with ropes, and the connecting timbers were often hewn from the adjacent forests.



The tools of destruction

The tremendous weight of Northern production is illustrated repeatedly in Civil War photographs, and never more effectively than in this picture of Union artillery drawn up in long rows on the wharves of Yorktown, Virginia, near the site of the final siege of the Revolution 81 years earlier. Photographed



during the first great Federal drive in the East—McClellan's Peninsular Campaign against Richmond in the spring of 1862—these weapons were the first trickle of a vast flood of war manufactures that would ultimately overwhelm the South. Along the shore at the right are rows of cast-iron, muzzle-load-

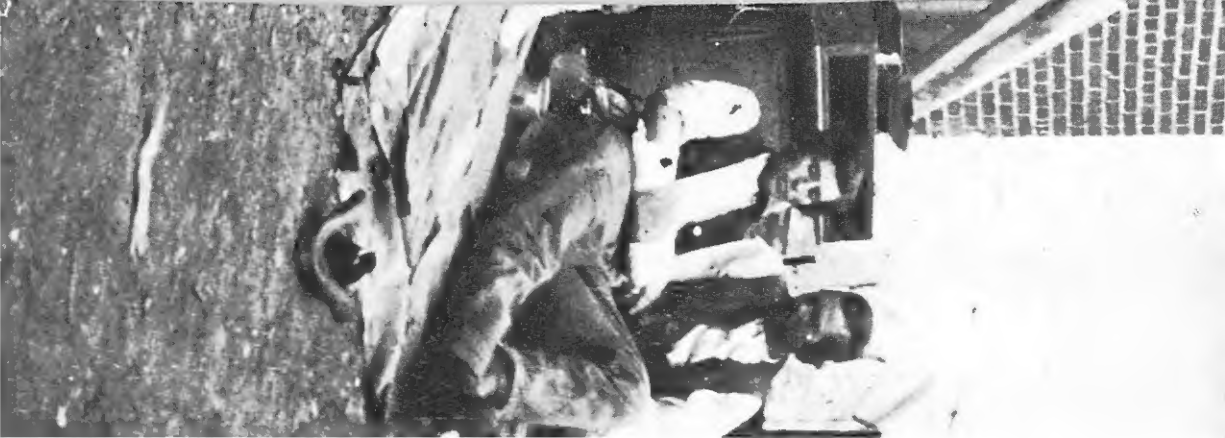
ing Parrott artillery pieces. In the foreground are little Coehorn mortars; they were short-ranged but accurate, and were light enough for men to carry. Mortars were used extensively in the war and accounted for heavy casualties—though the troops learned to spot the shells in flight and dash for cover.



For the wounded, the painful sequel of battle

ALTHOUGH the photography of the period was too clumsy to permit action shots, the consequences of battle were depicted in hundreds of pictures. The story they tell is not a pleasant one. Medicine was crude—and Civil War wounds would have taxed the skill of a modern surgeon. The soft bullets of the period—called Minié balls after their French inventor—ranged up to .69 of an inch in diameter, an enormous size for a bullet, and they struck with mutilating force. The wounded often waited a day or longer before taking a jolting ambulance ride to the hospital. There, a set of doors often served as an operating table, and the usual treatment was “radical surgery”—the standard euphemism for amputation.





MAKE-BELIEVE WOUNDED are loaded into an ambulance as corpsmen practice their job. After a battle, wounded were collected in any available wagon—often one without springs.

UNION WOUNDED from the Wilderness in 1864 sun themselves outside a field hospital, probably a commandeered building, near Fredericksburg, Virginia. A nurse sits in the doorway.

CONFEDERATE WOUNDED, attended by a Union doctor, lie under improvised shelters after Antietam in September 1862. Earlier, both sides had classed surgeons as noncombatants.



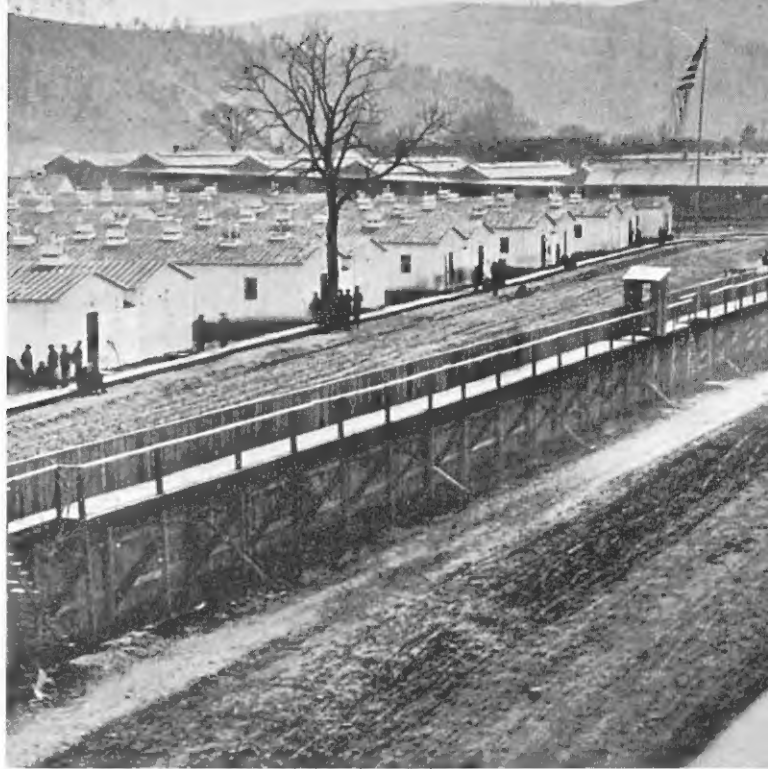


NORTHERN PRISONERS at Andersonville muster under the blistering Georgia sun to receive their pittance of food. Everything was so scarce a man with a frying pan could get a portion

of his messmates' rations merely for supplying the pot to cook it in. After the war, a public outcry arose over Andersonville; the commander, Major Henry Wirz, was tried and executed.

The grinding misery of the prisoner of war

FOR the Civil War soldier there was one fate that was worse than being wounded, and almost worse than death itself. That was to be captured. Prisoners on both sides died by the thousands, victims of disease, starvation, exposure and neglect. At the infamous Confederate prison, Andersonville, there was a period when one Northerner died every 11 minutes. Southerners in Northern prisons suffered cruelly from the cold. There was some excuse for the appalling conditions in the hard-hit South, but in the rich North prison conditions were often the result of sheer negligence. In all, death claimed more than 26,000 Southerners of the 220,000 held prisoner; the toll among Northerners was 22,500 out of 127,000—a lower figure but a higher percentage. Yet strangely, neither Northern nor Southern officials seemed ashamed of the terrible conditions in the camps; cameramen were permitted to photograph them freely.



SOUTHERN PRISONERS lounge outside their barracks at Elmira, New York. This was a neater camp than Andersonville—but in one period some 2,000 of its 8,000 captives were sick or dying.



A SURVIVOR looks like a skeleton after his liberation from Andersonville. More than one prisoner out of every three held at Andersonville died.

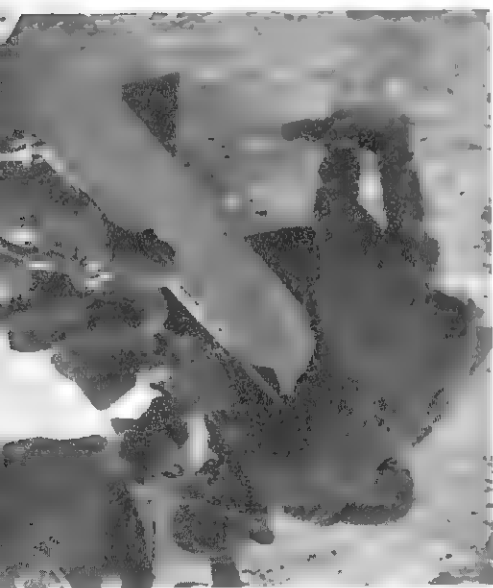
THE DEAD at Andersonville are consigned to a common trench grave by fellow prisoners. Burials were swift, to reduce the spread of disease.



In 1864 General U. S. Grant hampered at the Confederates with crushing blows. In June the South-erners entrenched at Cold Harbor, Virginia, and Grant had to decide whether to attack their strong position. As he reached his decision at his improvised headquarters—the front lawn of nearby Bethesda Church—a photographer, Timothy O'Sullivan, went to the steeple and took these pictures. At left, Grant, seated in a pew in front of the trees, writes the order for the attack. The wagons and ambulances on the road beyond would soon be busy: the battle, a failure, cost him 12,700 men.

Historic photographs of a critical decision

A HARD CHOICE confronts Grant as he studies a map over General Meade's shoulder. Grant rarely consulted subordinates; he made this decision, like most others, himself.





Professionals at the art of war

By 1864 the raw recruits of the early days—dry goods clerks, farm boys, city wastrels—had become the steady, battle-tested professional soldiers shown here. But there was by now a qualitative difference between the Northern fighting man and his Confederate foe. The Rebels were growing increasingly hag-



gard and hungry: the Federals were better equipped, better fed, better commanded and in better health than at any time since the war began. Surprisingly, Union officers found that the scrawny city youths of 1861 had fared better than their burly country cousins; somehow the farmers, accustomed to

an unvarying routine as civilians, found it hard to adjust to the irregularity of soldier life. Nevertheless, the time came when photographers were able to produce evidence like this picture to prove to the people back home, in Northern city and village alike, that their menfolk at the front were ready for anything.



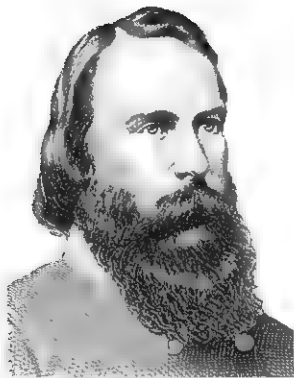
4. THE WAR'S FINAL AGONY

VICKSBURG and the Mississippi in Union hands, the striking power of Robert E. Lee's army blunted beyond repair and, in Tennessee, the Federal troops of W. S. Rosecrans poised to move against Confederate Chattanooga—all these momentous events coming to a climax in the first week of July 1863 presaged disaster for the Confederacy. Inexorably the balance was swinging against the South.

But the deadly shift could still be halted. If the Confederates could hold Chattanooga and the Tennessee River line, they might be able to mount an offensive that would restore in part the situation in the West.

Rosecrans spent the first part of the summer strengthening his army and writing long, angry letters to Washington charging that he was not properly supported or appreciated. When at last he advanced toward Chattanooga in late August, he was still bursting with irritation, and he seemed to be laboring under great inner tension. But he moved with his usual skill in maneuver. As he approached Chattanooga, Bragg evacuated the city, a potential trap; the Confederate general wanted room in which to fight. Rosecrans pushed after him, finally taking up a position behind the little stream of Chickamauga, an Indian name meaning "river of death." Bragg was determined to attack. Reinforcements—Longstreet and most of his corps—were on the way from the stalemated Virginia front, but Bragg did not wait. On September 19, when only three brigades of Longstreet's men had arrived, he ordered an attack. At

PRODUCING FOR WAR, a Union foundry casts molten ore for cannon. By 1864 the vast quantities of weapons pouring from Northern factories were overwhelming the South.



General James Longstreet, one of Robert E. Lee's most able corps commanders, became a successful New Orleans insurance and cotton broker after the war, but incurred Southern wrath by turning Republican. From 1869 to 1904 he held a series of federal offices, including that of minister to Turkey.



Winning or losing, Confederate General Braxton Bragg lacked confidence in himself. Victorious at Chickamauga, he went to bed refusing to believe he had won. Routed at Chattanooga, he criticized himself without mercy. "The disaster," he wrote, "is justly disparaging to me as a commander."

the end of the day he had gained no advantage, but that night the rest of Longstreet's troops arrived. The Confederates now had what was rare for them, a numerical advantage—some 70,000 to 56,000.

On the 20th Bragg resumed the offensive all along the line. As the two armies slugged away at each other in fierce fighting, another of those dramatic accidents of war intervened to alter the face of the battle. It was reported to Rosecrans, incorrectly, that one of his divisions on the right was not properly supported. Without checking, he excitedly pulled another division out of the line to close up on the one threatened. Longstreet, probing at the Union right, found a large gap in the line. He poured his men through in a smashing surge.

More than the physical collapse of an army wing occurred at that moment. Rosecrans, in the crisis of his career, gave way to those tensions and doubts that had always been with him. He and two of his corps generals left the field and rode in frantic haste to Chattanooga.

What made his flight look so bad was that the battle continued. His left, under the stubborn George H. Thomas, remained on the field, holding off the whole Confederate army. For his stand that day Thomas was known ever after as the "Rock of Chickamauga." He could not, however, fight indefinitely. At nightfall, under orders from Rosecrans, he retired. By the next day the entire Army of the Cumberland lay huddled in the Chattanooga defenses.

CHICKAMAUGA was one of the bloodiest battles of the war. Confederate casualties were an appalling 25 per cent. Because of his losses and his natural irresolution, Bragg was slow to exploit his victory. But he finally occupied Missionary Ridge, Lookout Mountain and other heights south of Chattanooga. Mounting artillery at advantageous points, he could command the supply routes leading into the city, and he laid it under a modified siege. Soon the Federal army ran dangerously short of supplies.

In this crisis of Federal arms, Lincoln named Grant commander of all armies in the Western theater. Immediately Grant relieved Rosecrans and replaced him with Thomas. Then Grant went to Chattanooga to see for himself the condition of affairs.

He found them brightening. The high command had sent in from the Eastern army 20,000 men, who had been transported by rail 1,200 miles in 14 days, the most dramatic feat of its kind in the war. And the supply route had been partially opened, and some goods were coming in. Characteristically Grant prepared to take the offensive. As a first step, he ordered part of his own Army of the Tennessee brought to Chattanooga.

While the Federal camps hummed with activity, dissension occupied Bragg and his generals. Some of the commanders were critical of Bragg's conduct in the battle, and he blamed some of them for the failure to achieve a greater success. The quarrel became so bitter that President Davis had to journey to Bragg's headquarters to try to mediate it. At a painful conference Davis asked the corps generals in Bragg's presence to state their opinion of their commander. Each one said in effect that Bragg lacked the competence to lead.

Surprisingly, after all this Davis retained Bragg in command. The President gave as his reason that he could not find an adequate successor. There was one available, Joe Johnston, but Davis distrusted and detested him. Another curious result followed this strange episode. Longstreet had spoken strongly against Bragg, and he was obviously unhappy at serving under him. At Davis'

suggestion and with Bragg's approval, "Old Pete" was sent off on a foolish expedition against Knoxville, bringing Bragg's army down to well under 50,000.

By late November Grant was ready to strike. He now had a force of 60,000 men. He first sent a column to occupy Lookout Mountain on the Confederate left. The Federals went up the rugged sides in a heavy mist that hid them from the sight of the watchers below. The attackers won the position against light opposition. The Confederates, expecting an assault, had withdrawn most of their troops to what they considered the key to their line: Missionary Ridge, farther to the right. On the 25th the Federal army flung its full strength against this steep 600-foot height.

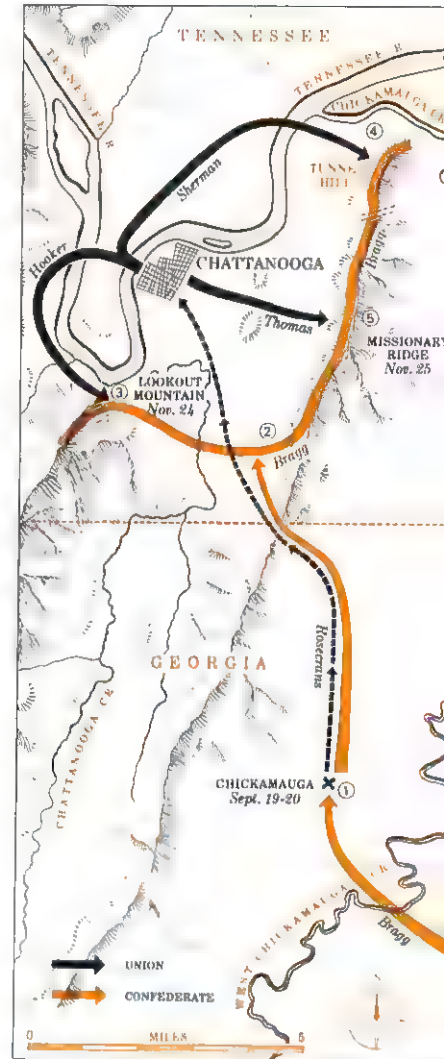
Grant's plan was to hold the attention of the Confederates in his front with Thomas' Army of the Cumberland, while his own Army of the Tennessee under W. T. Sherman won the battle by crushing the Rebel right. It did not work out at all as Grant planned. In fact, Missionary Ridge became an unplanned battle, directed largely by the common soldiers. Sherman found the going so rough that he had to call on Grant for help. Grant directed Thomas to send his men against the first line of enemy rifle pits at the foot of the ridge, then halt and await further orders. Halfway up was another line and then the main Rebel position on the crest.

The officers and men of the Army of the Cumberland either did not understand the order or chose to ignore it. They had been through the carnage of Chickamauga, and they had taken some cruel taunts from Grant's men, the cocky victors of Vicksburg. Now they were determined to show what they were made of. They swept through the first line of rifle pits and then, as if animated by a sudden mass will, they charged up the heights. A fighting frenzy drove them now. At the same time some counteremotion of despair or panic gripped the Confederates. They gave way precipitately. So rapid was the Federal advance and so sudden the Confederate collapse that both lines seemed to go over the crest together. Bragg vainly tried to rally his fleeing men. "Here's your commander," he cried. "Here's your jackass," they answered and continued on their way. Bragg had to retire to Dalton, Georgia, and from there he asked to be relieved. Davis reluctantly granted the request and with even more reluctance gave the command to Johnston.

The Federals now proceeded to occupy most of eastern Tennessee. They had achieved the second of their great strategic objectives—the possession of Chattanooga and the Tennessee line. It was the third turning point of the war. If the Confederates had held the Tennessee line, they could possibly have launched another offensive. Now they no longer possessed the capacity to win independence by a military decision. They could only hope to exhaust the Northern will to fight.

As the fateful year of 1864 opened, all the advantages were with the Union. Northern manpower and industry were reaching peak strength, while Southern resources were running out. The blockade was achieving an ever-tighter effectiveness. In August the navy would occupy the harbor of Mobile, leaving only Wilmington and Charleston operating, though much reduced.

Most important of all, Northern land forces were now co-ordinated. Ulysses S. Grant had assumed command of all Union armies, and his plan was to press against the Rebels everywhere at once; those troops not fighting, he told Lincoln, could aid the fighting by advancing. Yes, replied Lincoln, he



BREAKING THE SIEGE
OF CHATTANOOGA

Toward the end of 1863, General Bragg's Rebels attacked Rosecrans at Chickamauga (1) and won a smashing victory. Union forces, knocked back into Chattanooga, were besieged by Bragg (2). At this point Grant took over and ordered an attack. Hooker seized Lookout Mountain (3) on the Confederate left, but Sherman ran into trouble on the right (4). Thomas' men, ordered to divert Bragg in the center, instead smashed straight up Missionary Ridge (5) and broke the Confederate line. This opened the way for Sherman's advance on Atlanta and his march to the sea.



A young "powder monkey" leans against a cannon on board the U.S.S. "New Hampshire." Thousands of youngsters served both sides in the Civil War; a number of Union soldiers were less than 15 years old. The North boasted one 20-year-old general, Galusha Pennypacker, and there is a story, perhaps apocryphal, that the Confederacy had a 13-year-old captain.

understood the principle; and he uttered a military maxim that many West Pointers would not have grasped but that Grant, coming from much the same rural background, caught: "Those not skinning can hold a leg," said the Commander in Chief. A simultaneous offensive was the strategy that Lincoln had vainly proposed to all his previous generals.

Grant's plan called for three major offensives. In the Eastern theater the Army of the Potomac would take Lee's army, the most formidable Confederate force, as its objective instead of Richmond. The Army of the Potomac technically continued under Meade's command. But Grant accompanied it and actually directed its operations. His instructions to Meade had an iron simplicity: "Wherever Lee goes, there you will go also."

There were to be two coinciding offensives in the West. At Chattanooga Sherman commanded the armies that had defeated Bragg. This combined force of 100,000 was to move into northern Georgia, destroy the Confederate army under Johnston and seize the industrial center of Atlanta. At the same time the Federal army under N. P. Banks in New Orleans would advance to Mobile and then possibly to Montgomery, where it could co-operate with Sherman.

Banks's part in the triple offensive never came off. In March, six weeks before the big jump-off was scheduled, he embarked on an expedition northwestward, up the Red River, to occupy Shreveport and possibly enter Texas. Another Federal army was to advance south from Arkansas. The two forces expected to squeeze between them the Confederates under Kirby Smith, commanding in the Trans-Mississippi theater. Banks moved ahead briskly and with hardly any security precautions. Below Shreveport his army was strung out in a loose march formation. Suddenly a smaller Confederate force under Richard Taylor hit him near Mansfield, shearing through the extended Federals like a huge knife. Banks retired to Pleasant Hill, where on the next day he held Taylor off in a sharp fight. Banks might have resumed his advance now, but he was too shaken. He retreated to New Orleans, while the Federals from Arkansas also fell back. The long march had so exhausted Banks's army that it could not take its part in Grant's plan.

BOTH Grant and Sherman pushed off in the first week of May. The Army of the Potomac, 120,000 strong, plunged into the desolate Wilderness, where just a year before Hooker had met disaster. Grant hoped to bring Lee to a showdown battle and end the war at one stroke. His plan was to move by his left and seek to envelop Lee's right, holding his rival and forcing him to fight. He was quietly confident, but his generals were not. Grant still had to convince his own army that Lee was not the greatest commander of the war.

Grant hoped to get through the Wilderness before meeting Lee and to fight the decisive battle in open country. But Lee boldly placed his own army in the Wilderness squarely astride the path of the Federals. In the dense thickets which favored the defenders he hoped to throw Grant back and annihilate him as he had almost done to Hooker. Grant accepted the challenge.

The battle of the Wilderness began on May 5. The fighting was savage and confused. Grant attacked and smashed Lee's right. But at the critical moment fresh troops from Longstreet's corps, now back under Lee, launched a damaging counterattack. At the end of two days Grant had not been able to envelop Lee or to force a showdown. Both sides had suffered frightful casual-

ties, and many of the wounded, trapped in woods set afire by artillery shells, burned to death horribly.

After the battle Grant disappeared from Lee's front. The old, weary pattern for the North seemed about to repeat itself. A Federal general had been defeated by Lee; now he would retire to reorganize and come on again in a month or so. Possibly Lee thought it would be this way. Grant's own army was sure it would be so. The tired men were trudging eastward on the night of May 7. Suddenly in the dark woods the column turned to the south, instead of to the north and safety. At the same time Grant rode by. These were veteran soldiers, and they knew the meaning of a movement. They were not going back after all, but forward, forward to Richmond. Exhausted and sore as they were, they still rushed to the roadside to cheer Grant, to shout in sheer exultation. Grant was heading to his left and toward Spotsylvania. It was the supreme movement of the campaign. Right then Grant had won the game as surely as if he had crushed the Confederate army. He still had a long road ahead before the formal ending. But he had done what no other Federal general had been able to do—he had refused to let Lee impose his will on him.

Lee shifted to meet Grant, and at Spotsylvania on May 9 through 12 the armies fought another bloody engagement. Employing superb engineering skill, Lee constructed field fortifications in the form of a salient. Grant threw his men against these works in waves. Here at the "Bloody Angle" the lines stood within 50 feet of each other and blazed away for hours. Bodies were shot to pieces—one was found with 80 bullets in it. So thick was the small-arms fire that an oak tree 23 inches in diameter was shredded to fiber six feet from the ground; it blew down that night. The Confederates, badly shaken, still hung on to their position. Losses on both sides were again heavy.

Undaunted, Grant again sidled off to his left—and, when Lee occupied a position too strong for the Federals to attack, to his left again. Lee kept pace. By the first of June the two armies had reached Cold Harbor, northeast of Richmond. Here Grant made a last attempt to force a decision in open country. In one fierce frontal assault he lost 7,000 men. Now he had to pause to consider his next move. The first phase of the campaign was ended.

For a month the contending armies had fought almost every day. Nothing like this sustained and savage fighting had been seen before in the war. Grant had lost in total casualties 55,000 men, but with replacements his army stood at its original size. Lee had started the campaign with 65,000 troops. His losses were 32,000, and he would have to scrape the barrel to replenish his ranks. Grant's constant slugging was slowly sapping Confederate strength.

DURING the struggle at Spotsylvania, Grant had informed his government that he would never turn back. "I . . . purpose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer," he wrote. But now he had to adjust his strategy. If he continued to maneuver on his present line, Lee would retire into the Richmond defenses and invite a long and costly siege. Grant decided to make one more attempt to bring his wily foe to battle, this time below Richmond.

On the night of June 12, he disappeared once more from Lee's front. He was making for Petersburg, 23 miles south of Richmond and the hub of the railroads serving the capital. If he could seize Petersburg, he would stand on the life lines that fed Richmond and the Confederate army, and Lee would have to come out and fight for his communications. It was a daring move—just the



Union Admiral John A. Dahlgren, who spent 16 years at the Bureau of Ordnance, was the inventor of the "Dahlgren gun." This naval cannon, which was called a "soda bottle gun" because a narrow barrel and thick breech gave it the look of a cast-iron flagon, proved so effective in sea battles that one naval historian has called it the weapon that won the Civil War.



To retaliate for Sheridan's burning waste of the Shenandoah Valley opposite, some 20 to 25 Confederates shipped across the Canadian border and raided St. Albans, Vermont. They held up three banks, forced a teller to swear allegiance to the Confederacy above, collected \$200,000 and headed back to Canada, burning the bridge at Sheldon below to prevent pursuit.



kind Lee himself would have made—and for five days it deceived Lee. When the Army of the Potomac arrived before Petersburg, it found only 14,000 men under General Beauregard protecting the approaches to Richmond. Once again it seemed that Grant had victory in his grasp.

Again the prize was snatched away. Beauregard put up a superb fight and, bluffing magnificently, gave the impression that he was much stronger than he was. For three days he held off all attacks. He was helped by the Federal generals on the spot, who delivered their assaults in piecemeal fashion. But finally the sheer arithmetic of the situation asserted itself. On the night of June 17 Beauregard's tired men knew that they could not withstand another onslaught. At 7:30 the next morning as they braced themselves for a last effort, they saw Lee's troops arriving and filing into the works. Lee had at last accepted Grant's presence at Petersburg and moved rapidly to the threatened point. Petersburg and Richmond had been saved.

Now Grant realized that he could not win a quick victory. Lee's army was behind field fortifications and would not come out. Grant could get at Lee only by capturing Petersburg, and this could be accomplished only by the slow method of siege. Both armies dug in. The Confederate line stretched for about 50 miles from above Richmond to below Petersburg, and the Federal trenches paralleled it. Constantly Grant sought to extend his line and his troops to the left to get on the precious railroads.

Lee had but one hope. If he could force Grant to detach strength to another theater, then possibly he could drive the main Federal army back. It was a desperate gamble, but Lee was willing to take it. He strengthened his force in the Valley under Jubal Early and ordered Early to threaten Washington. Early was no Jackson, and the Valley army of 1864 was not the dashing column of the exuberant days of 1862. But Early did his best. He slashed northward and raided the outskirts of the Federal capital. But he did not have the strength to drive his threat home. The defensive forces around Washington, aided by some troops from Grant's army, compelled him to retire.

At Lincoln's urging Grant acted to remove the menace of Early permanently. All the Washington defense forces were placed under the command of Grant's cavalry leader, Philip Sheridan, an aggressive five-foot-five-inch bantam of a man. Sheridan's instructions were to smash Early so completely that the Federals would never have to worry again about the Valley route to Washington. Sheridan did the job thoroughly in the autumn, in the battles of Winchester, Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek. Lee's plan had failed. The siege of Petersburg went on. It would endure for more than nine bitter months.

IN that same first week in May when Grant plunged into the Wilderness, Sherman moved forward from Chattanooga, toward Joe Johnston's army and, beyond Johnston, booming, industrial Atlanta. The campaign pitted two masters of maneuver against each other. Sherman advanced and sought to envelop Johnston. Johnston slipped back and avoided the trap. Only at one place, Kennesaw Mountain, did a real battle occur, and it was indecisive.

In this leapfrog fashion the two armies went back almost to Atlanta itself. Johnston's failure to stop Sherman disgusted Davis. The Confederate President had never liked the general, and now he removed him and appointed John B. Hood, one of the corps officers, to the command. A blond giant, Hood had been a superb unit leader. But he did not possess the capacity for army

command. Nor was his wracked physical condition—an arm mangled and a leg lost in battle—conducive to mental sharpness.

When a Federal officer who had known Hood in Texas before the war heard of the appointment, he predicted an immediate battle. He had played poker with Hood, he explained, and “a man who will bet a thousand dollars without having a pair in his hand will fight when he has the troops with which to do it.” The analysis was accurate. Hood immediately delivered two consecutive fierce attacks on Sherman’s approaching columns.

When these failed to check the Federals, Hood retired into Atlanta with the idea of forcing Sherman to resort to a siege. Sherman for a time did employ siege methods. But he had no mind to be held up very long. A lone railroad line from the south served the city, and Sherman seized it in a quick wheeling movement, forcing Hood to evacuate. Over the wires to Washington on September 3 went a singing message from Sherman: “So Atlanta is ours, and fairly won.” The victory helped to return Lincoln to the White House in the election nine weeks later.

SHERMAN had Atlanta, but he had not executed the most vital part of his assignment, which had been to destroy the enemy army. Indeed, Hood now proceeded to recover in part the initiative. Moving northwest, he struck Sherman’s railroad communications above Atlanta in a series of hit-and-run raids. Sherman chased him but in a halfhearted way. The Federal commander did not believe he could bring Hood to bay and had little interest in doing so.

Sherman had fixed his mind on a new plan of operations; on, in fact, a new concept of war. Tall and red-haired, a concentrated bundle of nervous energy, Sherman had the most modern mind of the Civil War generals. He was far from being a great combat soldier, but he had grasped one of the great principles that would distinguish the conflicts of the future. The will of an enemy nation to resist rested on the people sheltered behind the armies. Sherman proposed now to bring the war home to the civilian population of the South.

He broached his plan to Grant. He would send back to Tennessee 30,000 men under Thomas. This force with other troops that Thomas could collect should be enough to hold the Tennessee line against Hood or any other Confederate invader. Then, after wrecking Atlanta so that the Rebels could not return to use it as a base, Sherman with 62,000 men would swing across Georgia, destroying economic resources as he went. He would come out at some point on the coast where the navy would open up a base for him; from there he could march to join Grant before Richmond. The plan held out great possibilities and also great risks. If anything should go wrong in Sherman’s rear, he would have to retrace his steps. Grant gave his assent with some hesitation.

By a dramatic coincidence, Hood at the same time decided on a plan to invade Tennessee. Sherman would have to follow him, Hood reasoned, and in the mountains he could turn and defeat the pursuers. Radiant hopes flashed before him as he considered the possibilities. With Sherman smashed, the Confederate army could drive on to the Ohio River. Or it could march eastward to join Lee and destroy Grant before Richmond.

If Sherman’s scheme was risky, Hood’s bordered on the fantastic. The Confederate was going to save his cause by pulling out a last great victory—and he was going to do it all with only a little more than 40,000 men. Oddly enough, he might have succeeded in part; if he had advanced quickly enough,



In October 1864, Confederates attacked General Philip Sheridan's troops at Cedar Creek, Virginia. "Sheridan, 20 miles away," as a famous poem has it, spurred to the front and rallied his men. He then continued the ruthless sacking of the Shenandoah Valley so Rebel forces could not use it again. When one of his men was shot he had all houses within five miles razed.

he might have forced Sherman to return. But having conceived an audacious plan, Hood hesitated to execute it. When he finally moved, it was too late.

Even so, when he entered Tennessee the only organized force opposing him consisted of 30,000 troops under General Schofield. This force tried to delay Hood, but he caught up with it on November 30 at Franklin, just south of Nashville, and ordered an attack. An air of doom seemed to hang over the Confederates. Both officers and men had been enraged at Hood's remarks that the army had retreated so long under Johnston that it had forgotten how to attack. Now they would show him regardless of the costs.

The charge of Hood's men at Franklin was one of the great assaults of the war, fully as dramatic as Pickett's dash at Gettysburg. To reach the strong Federal position, the Confederates had to attack across two miles of open space swept by fire. Six times they flung themselves forward and each time recoiled. Over 6,000 Rebels fell and 11 generals were killed or wounded. As cold darkness closed on the field, the Federals retired intact to Nashville. All of Hood's bright dreams had crashed. But he could not admit failure. He moved his army forward and occupied a dismal winter line south of Nashville.

In the city Thomas was preparing to attack. "Old Pap" Thomas was one of the most unappreciated generals of the war. He was deliberate and meticulous, and when he finally acted the result was devastating. He was putting together a force for what he meant to be an irresistible blow. He would have, when he was finished, an army of 57,000 men, including the most formidable cavalry aggregation of the war: 12,000 troopers under James H. Wilson.

On December 15 Thomas came out and attacked Hood. His infantry smashed at the Confederate front while his cavalry rode rapidly to envelop and turn the Gray left. Driven from the field on the first day, Hood attempted to set up another line on the second. Thomas crushed it ruthlessly, and the Rebel remnants broke and fled. Even then Thomas did not relax his pressure. Union cavalry harried the retreating Confederates for 26 days and 200 miles. No other army in the war was subjected to such a pursuit. Not until Hood reached northern Mississippi was he safe. Every general on both sides dreamed of winning a victory so complete that the enemy army ceased to exist. Thomas came the closest. The Confederate Army of Tennessee was no longer a fighting force, and Sherman would not have to return to deal with a threat in his rear.



When General George H. Thomas of Virginia sided with the Union, his relatives cried that he should change his name, and his picture was turned to the wall in their Virginia estate. But when Thomas held the line at Chickamauga, one Rebel general proudly noted it was an "indomitable Virginia soldier... who saved the Union army from total rout and ruin."

ON November 15 Sherman and his 62,000 troopers swung out from burning Atlanta. They were beginning the great march of the war, the march to the sea. Sherman in his correspondence often referred to the operation as a "raid," and accurately so. This was a raid on a gigantic scale, not against the communications of an enemy army but against the economic resources of an enemy civilian population. It was modern war, swift, terrible and merciless.

The Blue army moved virtually unopposed, marching on a 60-mile front. Its wagon trains carried only the most essential of supplies. Before Sherman lay the fat farm lands of Georgia, bursting with foods after the harvest, and he intended to subsist on the country. His orders were to "forage liberally."

The foragers, also known as "bummers" and "smokehouse rangers," indulged in the loosest interpretation of Sherman's instructions concerning the destruction of property. Technically, by these orders only resources potentially useful to the enemy were to be razed or appropriated—factories, railroads, cotton gins, surplus supplies. But the whole army knew that Sher-

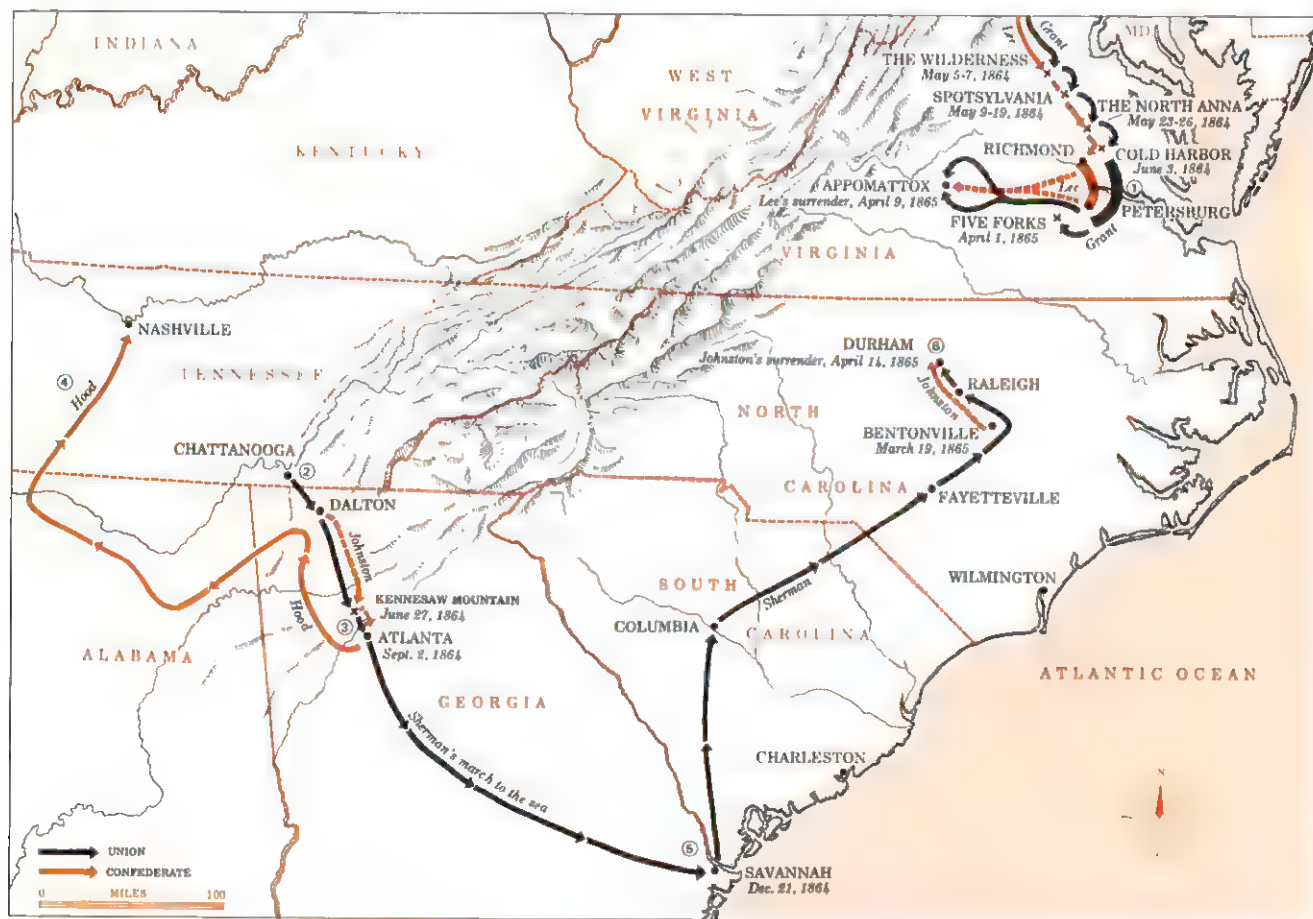
man wanted to humble the South, and it was ready to help him. An invading army in any war is convinced that enemy civilians are fair prey, and this army was encouraged by the known views of its commander. The soldiers did not have to be told that Sherman would be understanding in enforcing discipline. The bummers stole and burned, sometimes in a mood of vengeance but usually in a spirit of horseplay that was even more infuriating to Southerners. Georgians raged when they heard that laughing Blue soldiers at the state capital had confiscated stacks of bank notes to make fires for their coffee.

A picnic air characterized the whole march. Hordes of blacks attached themselves to the columns, some 25,000 at one time or another, to find out what freedom was, to be a part of the fun, to offer their services in menial and military capacities. Most of these were turned back—they impeded the march—but 6,800 went on to the sea. At the end of a day's trek, huge fires of pine knots lit up the camps while the men rested, played cards, listened to the bands send out their melodies to the mournful woods and sang bellowing songs. Southerners would remember the march through Georgia with bitterness and hatred. Sherman's men would recall only the pleasures.

By late December Sherman was on the coast at Savannah, announcing in a dramatic telegram to Lincoln that he was presenting the city to him as a Christmas present. From there he headed north to join Grant. Into South Carolina he rolled, dealing out more retribution to that most-Southern state

TWO-PRONGED STRATEGY THAT ENDED THE WAR

In the closing months of the war, Federals caught the Confederates between two vast pincers. In Virginia, Grant, in a series of battles, drove Lee into Richmond Petersburg (1) and besieged him. At last, his defenses broken at Five Forks, Lee fled, surrendering at Appomattox. In the west, Sherman advanced from Chattanooga (2) to take Atlanta (3). Then, despite Hood's attempt to draw him off into Tennessee (4) he swept across Georgia to the sea (5) and then northward through the Carolinas. Five days after Appomattox he accepted Johnston's surrender at Durham (6).





Captain James I. Waddell of the famous Rebel cruiser "Shenandoah" is depicted in a cartoon as Rip Van Winkle, learning in 1865 that the Civil War has been over for some months. During its 13-month cruise the Confederate raider traveled all the way around the world and destroyed more than \$1.3 million worth of Yankee shipping much of it after the war had ended

than to Georgia, and then into North Carolina. The Confederate government finally collected an army of 30,000 to oppose him and called on Joe Johnston to command it. But he could do little more than delay Sherman's advance.

Sherman had destroyed uncalculated amounts of Southern property. But the greatest effect of his march, as he intended, was psychological. The spectacle of a Federal army flowing unimpeded through the heart of the Confederacy was a harbinger that not even the stoutest Southerner could ignore.

BUT Sherman's accomplishment, sensational as it was, could not in itself bring the Confederacy down. The end would not come until the principal Confederate force left in the field, Lee's army, was destroyed. And only Grant possessed the will to deliver the death blow. For long weary months he had pounded at Petersburg without effect. Then suddenly, in the first week of April 1865, he broke through. He passed a force around the Confederate right and at Five Forks rolled up the enemy flank. The whole Confederate line collapsed. Lee fell back, and the Federals marched into Petersburg and—at a proud moment—through Richmond.

It was almost finished now. The Army of Northern Virginia, shrunk by deaths and desertions to 25,000 men, crawled westward. Lee nourished a flickering hope that he might be able to reach a rail line to North Carolina and unite with Johnston. But the pursuing Federals moved faster and closed off his escape route. The great Confederate realized at last that continued resistance was hopeless. With anguished heart but knowing his duty, he determined to surrender his army. He wrote to Grant to ask for a meeting, and Grant, also anxious to end the useless fighting, accepted. They met on April 9, Palm Sunday, in the little village of Appomattox Courthouse in the house of a man named Wilmer McLean. McLean had owned the farm on Bull Run where the first great battle of the war occurred. He had moved from such a dangerous area, and now at the last the war had caught up with him again.

Lee came to the meeting accompanied by one staff officer and formally attired: a gleaming, splendid martial figure. Grant came in from the line, a dozen generals and staff officers following him, and wearing his customary careless dress. There was a symbolism in the confrontation—Lee the knightly soldier, the representative of a way of war and of life that was disappearing, and Grant, the businessman in uniform, the exponent of future war.

After some casual conversation, Grant, at Lee's request, sat down to write his terms. They were generously simple. The officers and men of the Army of Northern Virginia were to sign paroles that they would fight no more, and then they could go home. There would have to be a ceremonial stacking of weapons, although officers could retain their sidearms and horses.

Lee read the document carefully. He was moved and said: "This will have a very happy effect on my army." After a slight hesitation he remarked that many of his soldiers owned their own mounts; "I would like to understand whether these men will be permitted to retain their horses." The Federal general reflected a moment and said: "I will not change the terms as now written, but I will instruct the officers I shall appoint to receive the paroles to let all the men who claim to own a horse or mule take the animals home with them to work their little farms." Lee, much affected, replied: "This will have the best possible effect upon the men. It will be very gratifying and will do much toward conciliating our people."

Drafts of the terms were now drawn up for the two generals to sign. A brief conversation followed, and then Lee took his departure. He came onto the porch and called for his horse. While he waited, he thrice smote his right fist into the left palm as if in inner agony. As he mounted, Grant came out. He raised his hat in salute. Lee returned the gesture and rode off to tell his men that they would have to surrender.

The formal surrender came on April 12. To receive it Grant designated General Joshua Chamberlain, a former college professor turned good soldier and a man of delicate perceptions. Chamberlain saw the Confederates on the opposite slopes breaking their last camp, saw them march forward at their famous route step, their battle flags waving so thickly above the thinned ranks that the column "seemed crowned with red." He resolved to mark the occasion with a proper gesture, and he offered no excuse for his decision. As he explained it later: "Before us in proud humiliation stood the embodiment of manhood: men whom neither toils and sufferings, nor the fact of death, nor disaster, nor hopelessness could bend from their resolve; standing before us now, thin, worn, and famished, but erect, and with eyes looking level into ours, waking memories that bound us together as no other bond;—was not such manhood to be welcomed back into a Union so tested and assured?"

When the sad Gray column reached Chamberlain's line, a signal sounded. Instantly the Blue ranks shifted from "order arms" to the "marching salute," the highest honor fighting men could give to other fighting men. Riding at the head of the Confederate marchers with downcast face was General John B. Gordon, a magnificent figure of a man on a magnificent horse. Gordon heard the slapping of Federal hands on muskets, caught the meaning of the gesture and, wheeling his horse upright, dropped the point of his sword and ordered his men to return the salute. It was a moment of solemn splendor, and Chamberlain recorded it in moving words: "On our part not a sound of trumpet more, nor roll of drum; not a cheer, nor word nor whisper of vain-glorying, nor motion of man standing again at the order, but an awed stillness rather, and breath-holding, as if it were the passing of the dead!"

Slowly the tidings that Lee had surrendered spread to all parts of the Confederacy. All knew now that the end had come. All but Jefferson Davis—the tortured President fled Richmond, still believing that somehow, somewhere he could yet arouse his people to fight on. He was captured by Federal cavalry in Georgia. Joe Johnston surrendered to Sherman near Durham, North Carolina, and then one by one other Rebel generals in Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana laid down their arms. By June 1 all organized resistance had ceased.

IT was all over now, the ordeal of the Union, the great crimson gash in American history. It was finished but the names would never die. They would live on and would stir men's minds even in later generations—Bull Run, Shiloh Church, The Seven Days, Antietam Creek, Cemetery Ridge, Chickamauga, Appomattox. And something else had ended with the last guns: the old Union, that Union of states and sections and of a distant and aloof national government. It was gone forever, sunk in the receding past. An American nation had emerged out of the blazing test of civil war. It was a nation that would have to meet many problems, some of them developing out of the war itself and some of them new and strangely complex. But henceforth it would act in every crisis as a great central power.



General Robert E. Lee rides back toward his lines after Appomattox. Advising Southerners to put aside "thoughts of the past and fears of the future," he became president of Washington College in Lexington, Virginia, though it had only 50 students. Before long it was known as "General Lee's College"; after his death it was renamed "Washington and Lee."



At Shiloh, raw troops clash in a massive pitched battle in April 1862. The Rebels were winning until they stopped to plunder enemy tents.

A fearsome pageant of destruction

ONLY in retrospect, after the Civil War ended, could the combatants begin to grasp the scope of the mighty conflict. It had been a far cry from the one-strike triumph both North and South had expected before the bloody Union rout at First Bull Run (*opposite*). It had turned into a vast, grinding war of attrition in which one critical battle followed hard on the heels of the last (*next pages*). Not until the summer of 1864 was there a real break in the deadly equilibrium between the South's superior generalship and the North's preponderant manpower; and even after Lincoln found in Grant a match for Lee, bitter fighting dragged on for months.

In the end, no single feature of the war stood out more sharply than the courage of the ordinary soldier on both sides. It is no wonder that Union General Joshua Chamberlain, accepting the surrender of his enemies at Appomattox, found himself deeply moved. "What visions thronged as we looked into each other's eyes," he wrote. "Here pass the men of Antietam, the . . . survivors of the terrible Wilderness . . . Cobb's Georgia Legion, which held the stone wall on Marye's Heights. . . . Now the sad great pageant—Longstreet and his men. . . . Ah, is this Pickett's Division?—this little group left of those who on the lurid last day of Gettysburg breasted level cross-fire and thunderbolts of storm, to be strewn back drifting wrecks. . . . How could we help falling on our knees, all of us together, and praying God to pity and forgive us all!"



AT FIRST BULL RUN, General Barnard Bee (*mounted, foreground*) rallies his faltering Confederates. He points toward a horseman (*background*), and makes him famous with the cry,

"There stands Jackson like a stone wall!" The Rebels swept the field and "fed fat for days" on the lunches left by fleeing picnickers who had come from Washington to watch the battle.



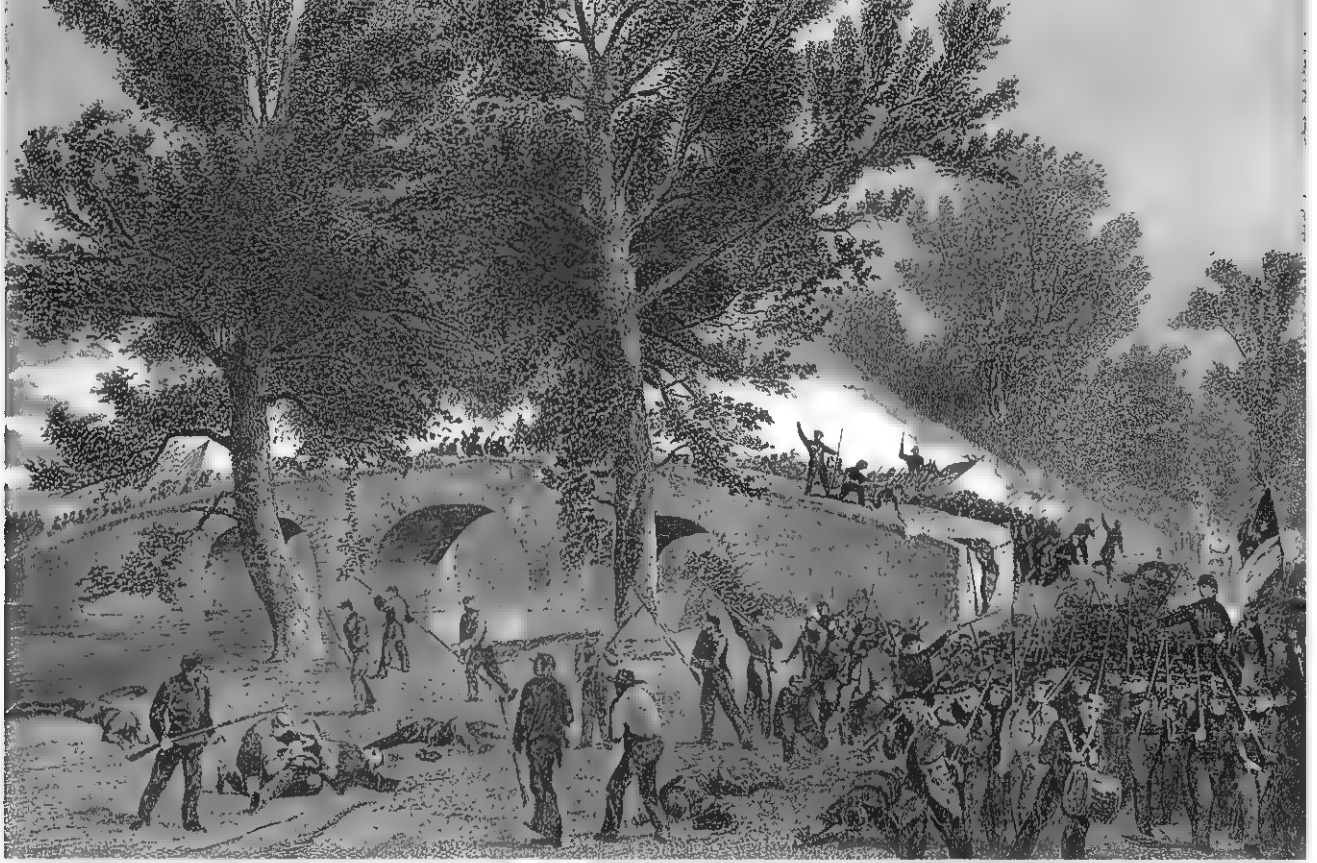
On to Richmond—and back

General George B. McClellan suffered from agonies of indecision and caution. It took him eight months to organize his invasion of Virginia and to get his massive army ferried into position on the Yorktown Peninsula. Then, though he met only spotty resistance, it took him two months to traverse the 70-odd



miles to Richmond's outskirts. But "Little Mac" showed he knew how to move after the Rebels struck at Mechanicsville and Gaines's Mill on June 26-27, 1862, in the first of the Seven Days' battles. He withdrew so hastily that 2,500 hospitalized troops were left at Savage's Station. His vast supply convoy is

seen here struggling safely across Bear Creek, with mounted officers (*foreground*) exhorting the men onward. Nearing the Union gunboats in the James River, McClellan wired Washington his plaintive epitaph to the inglorious Peninsular Campaign: "I shall do my best to save the army. Send more gunboats."



A BRIDGE AT ANTIETAM is taken by Burnside's troops at a vital moment in the battle on September 17, 1862. In previous assaults the Federals, bunched up at the narrow span, had been

mowed down and hurled back. But though Lee repelled the Union attacks, he lost the cream of his army in the process and "sprung the arch upon which the Confederate cause rested."



A BRIDGE AT FREDERICKSBURG is built by Union engineers in the face of fire from across the Rappahannock. By the time Union troops crossed the river, Lee was at full strength on forti-

fied heights. Then Burnside sent his men on their doomed charge. Said a reporter, "It can hardly be in human nature for men to show more valor, or generals to manifest less judgment."

Lee and Burnside in combat at the bridges

TWICE in three months Union General Ambrose Burnside fumbled in major battles at river crossings. He made his first mistake in September 1862. That month McClellan moved across Maryland and cut off an invasion by Lee. The armies met at Antietam Creek, and Corps Commander Burnside was ordered to engage Lee's right flank. Instead of fording the shallow creek, Burnside spent the morning trying to cross a convenient stone bridge (*opposite, top*). Meanwhile the Confederates were able to beat back furious Union attacks on their left and center. When Burnside finally got across the bridge at great cost of life, his men met deadly fire.

Despite this poor performance Burnside was named to replace McClellan, who had let Lee escape at Antietam. In December the armies confronted each other again, at Fredericksburg, Virginia. Burnside, though unnerved by responsibilities he did not want, felt he must attack. But while he waited for pontoons to build bridges over the Rappahannock (*opposite, below*), the Rebels made their position impregnable. Thousands of Northerners died in a brave but fruitless assault on Marye's Heights. "We forgot they were fighting us," Confederate General Pickett wrote his wife, "and cheer after cheer at their fearlessness went up all along our lines."

Dashing troopers of Jeb Stuart's cavalry mark time before Antietam. In the battle they helped rout a Union assault on Lee's left flank.





Bold Rebel attacks of the second day at Gettysburg show early promise in Hood's charge (left) through the Wheat Field and the Peach

A fateful collision at a Pennsylvania town

In the summer of 1863 Lee again invaded the North. On July 1 a vanguard of his army headed for the town of Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, to capture some new shoes. Around 8 a.m. it bumped into a Union patrol. Help for both sides kept rushing up and clashing all day long. Soon Lee and General George Meade were committed to fighting one of the great battles of U.S. history at

Leaving Gettysburg, a rain-swept Union column files off to the south in a vain, tardy pursuit of Lee's battered army. Up ahead, in a





Orchard. But toward dark, Rebels storming Culp's Hill (center) are repulsed, and so are others battling to stay on Cemetery Hill (right).

this spot. The key decision at Gettysburg was Meade's first—to fight on the defense. In three days Lee vainly dashed wave after valiant wave against the tough Union lines—at Culp's Hill, at Cemetery Ridge, at the Round Tops. When it was over, the Rebels' spendthrift gallantry had garnered 25,000 casualties, nothing more.

On July 4, the fighting did not start up again. The two

armies simply stared at each other across the battlefield while a driving rain "washed the blood from the grass." Then Lee and his army began their grim retreat to Virginia. As usual, Union pursuit (*below*) was ineffective. But that day in the West Vicksburg finally fell to Grant. The Confederate cause had just suffered two staggering blows from which it would never recover.

nightmarish race to the Potomac, rolled the endless Confederate convoy—17 miles of cannon and wagons packed with screaming wounded.





A Union tide at Chattanooga

In the fall of 1863 Union General W. S. Rosecrans permitted his army to be trapped in Chattanooga, despite a stubborn stand by General George H. Thomas at the Battle of Chickamauga. Lincoln sent his best general, U. S. Grant, to take over. Grant promptly prepared to attack. On November 24 the Fed-



erals seized Lookout Mountain, one of several heights from which Confederate artillery dominated the city. As low clouds lifted, watchers saw blue-clad troops advancing on topmost Pulpit Rock (*above*). But the key hill was Missionary Ridge, and next day Grant sent Thomas' superb troops to take the rifle

pits below it. They took the pits—and kept on up the slope, yelling "*Chickamauga!*" "Who ordered those men up the ridge?" Grant demanded angrily. An officer said simply, "When those fellows get started all hell can't stop them." By day's end the Rebels had been routed; the road to Atlanta lay open (*next page*).



"THE VANDAL CHIEF," a name Sherman was called by the outraged Southerners, leads his staff (right) in a grand review at Savannah. Actually, the Southern epithet applied with more accuracy to General Judson Kilpatrick (fourth from left), who with his greedy cavalymen made off with a fortune in plunder.





Sherman's raiders go marching through Georgia

ON Grant's elevation to commander in chief, his trusted and brilliant lieutenant in the West, William T. Sherman, was assigned a 100,000-man army and a chance to prove one of his favorite contentions: "Pierce the shell of the C.S.A., and it's all hollow inside." Plunging into Georgia in May 1864, Sherman followed Grant's orders "to move against Johnston's army." Though he did not manage "to break it up," he did much better at "inflicting all the damage you can." On September 2 he took Atlanta. Then on November 15 he cast loose from his base and headed for the coast in the famous march to the sea, living off the land and cutting a broad swath of ruin (left) all the way to the coast. Triumphant he presented the city of Savannah to Lincoln for Christmas. Finally, estimating his damages to date at \$100 million, he turned north to wreak even greater havoc on South Carolina.

YANKEE WRECKERS tear up Rebel rails—merely metal strips on a wood base—during Sherman's march from Atlanta to the sea. Nothing that might be used for "warlike purposes" was spared, but Sherman saw his chief mission as breaking the will of civilians to continue the fight.





the Confederate line where Grant tried to split Lee's army in half. He narrowly failed, and 12,000 Rebels and Federals fell in one day of point-blank volleying and hand-to-hand combat.

RACING TO SPOTSVYLVANIA, a Union battery struggles through gluy mud to join the sprawling 14-day campaign. Its crucial action developed at "Bloody Angle," a weak point in





ATTACKING AT COLD HARBOR, Union skirmishers (*below*) draw a storm of shot from impregnable trenchworks. At battle's end, the corpses covered five acres.



FLEEING IN THE WILDERNESS, litter bearers save a fallen comrade from a forest fire set by gun blasts in the dry brush. Many of the wounded on both sides burned to death in the holocaust.

A murderous Maytime in the dark forests of Virginia

GENERAL U.S. GRANT was a hard-bitten realist. When he launched his Virginia offensive in May 1864, he expected to pay a high price to bring Lee to book. The price was, in fact, staggering. The Wilderness, a "bloody hunt to the death," cost him 17,500 casualties, Spotsylvania another 18,400. At Cold Harbor, lacking room to flank Lee, he ordered a frontal attack (*below*) and sacrificed 7,000 men in half an hour. These losses appalled the North. But Grant was keeping Lee heavily engaged, bleeding him white while preventing escape or counter-offensive. In this brutal bludgeoning, said one of Lee's staff, Grant had found "the only way that the strength of such an army, so commanded, could be destroyed."





Great leaders of a lost cause

The terrible attrition that wore away Lee's troops cut down his top officers as well. Through much of the war, the Confederacy had many brilliant generals. They are shown above at their zenith. Among them were Hood (*extreme left*), Ewell (*foot on stump*), Jackson (*in profile, mounted*), Hill (*leaning on*